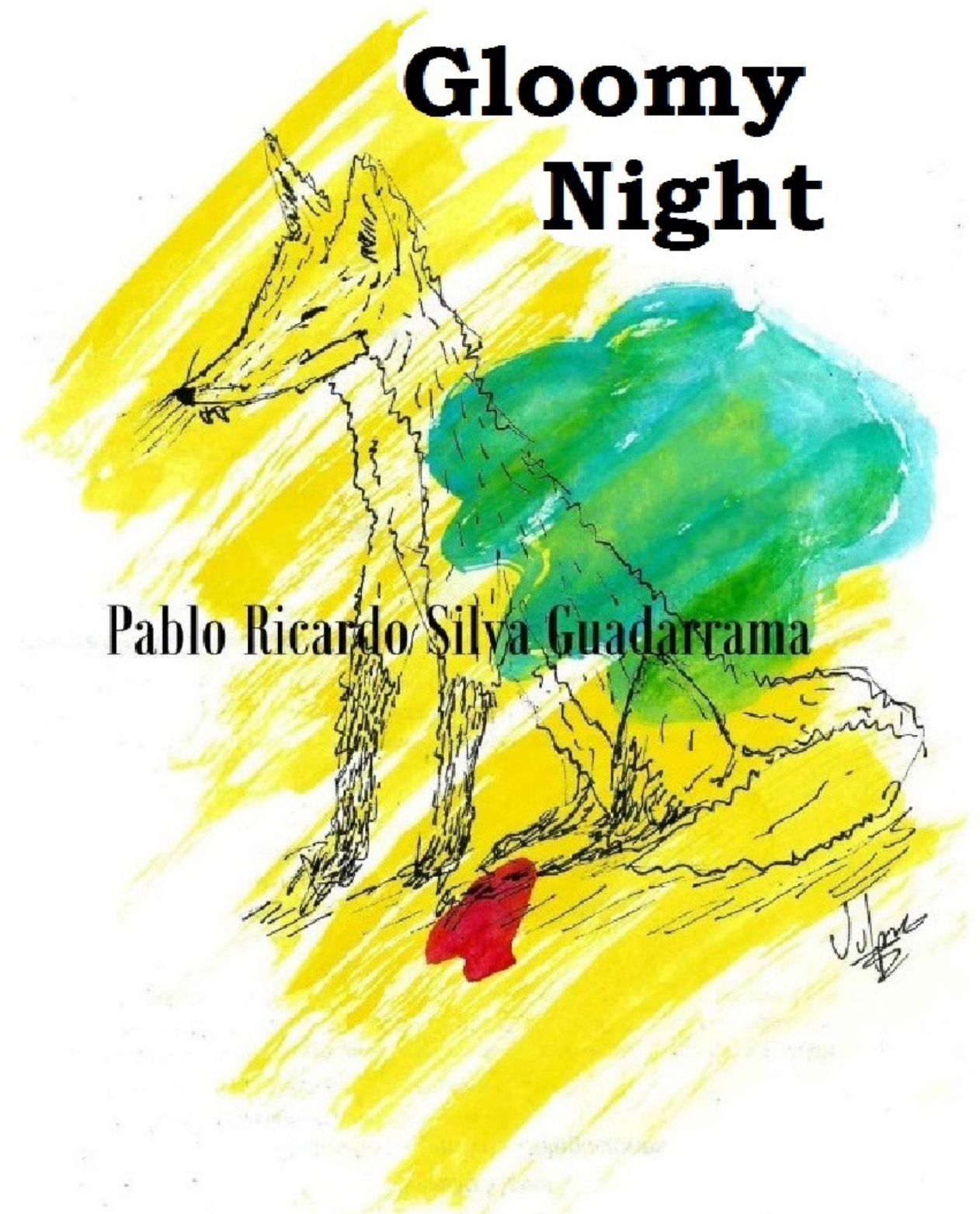


During one night, childhood memories invade a woman. Fantasy, friendship, mischief and pain come to her.

It will be a gloomy night, full of terrifying illusions and fleeting truths.

An illustrated story to understand the sensations caused by death.



Gloomy night

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To my nephews

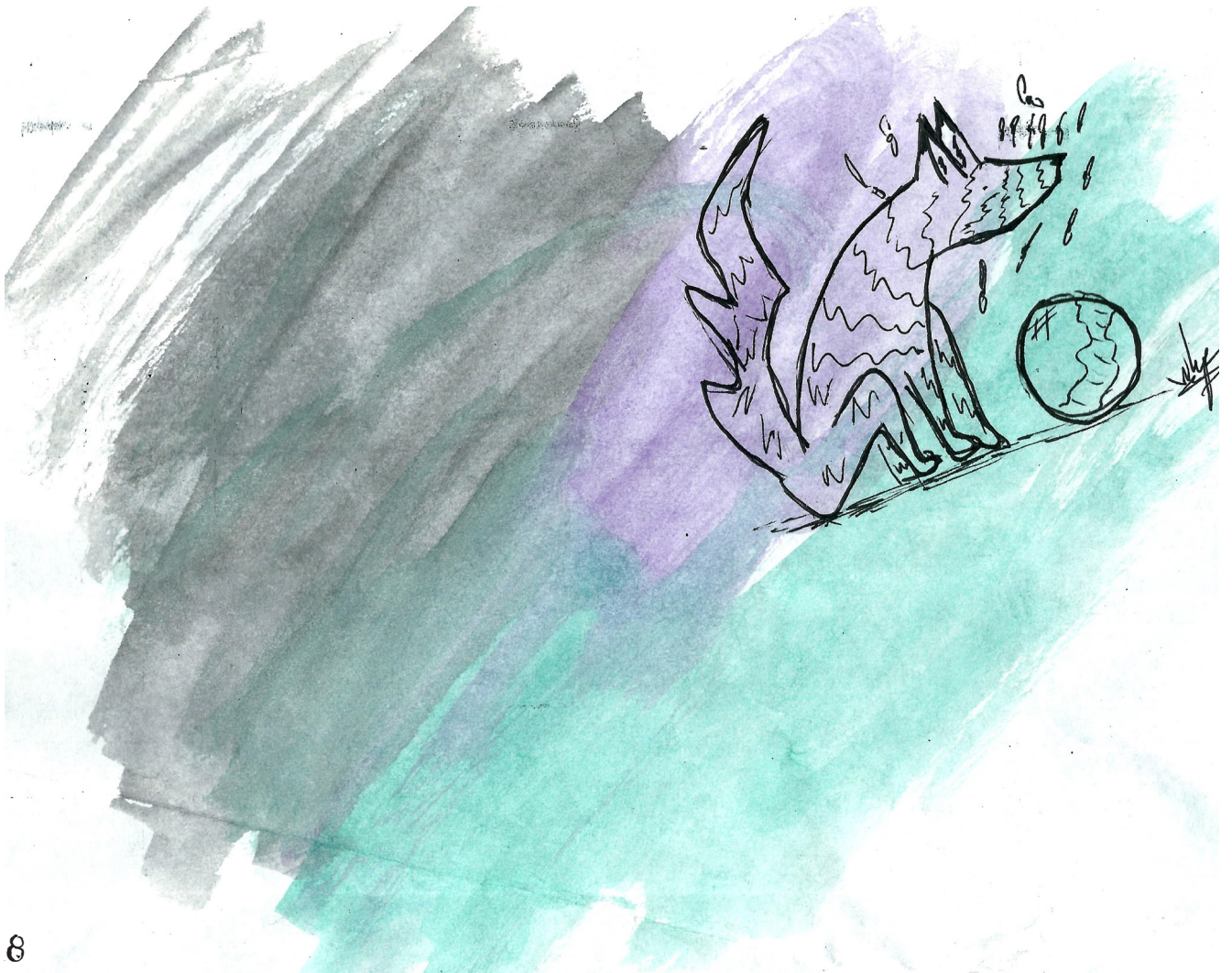
In this crestfallen night, the city has broken my heart. It has fun with each piece undifferentiated in medium of the office paper. It commands me stacking the work, with scapes early with sardonic faces. The city loses the grace when the darkness starts, and It's the beginning of the artificial lights and the gray fumes of the strainers with rat kings and cockroach sultans.

I stay to write you over the bills, purchase requisition and insurance policy, about one happy moment: the catastrophic experience of be a horrible and fool kid. I don't wanna lie... I was born a girl.

I don't love this city! The place where I lived is one... three thousand... a billion times more beautiful than here.



This wrinkled sheet has drawn the most sharp memory: my house possessed a dog filled of flies, cornered in a big courtyard, and down a tree, where I climbed.





Each morning, I was leaning of his many
hads to go up, for be waiting, and each morning
his rugged arms let me the force of his love in the
clothes. Of corse my mom knew link the strands
of that love.



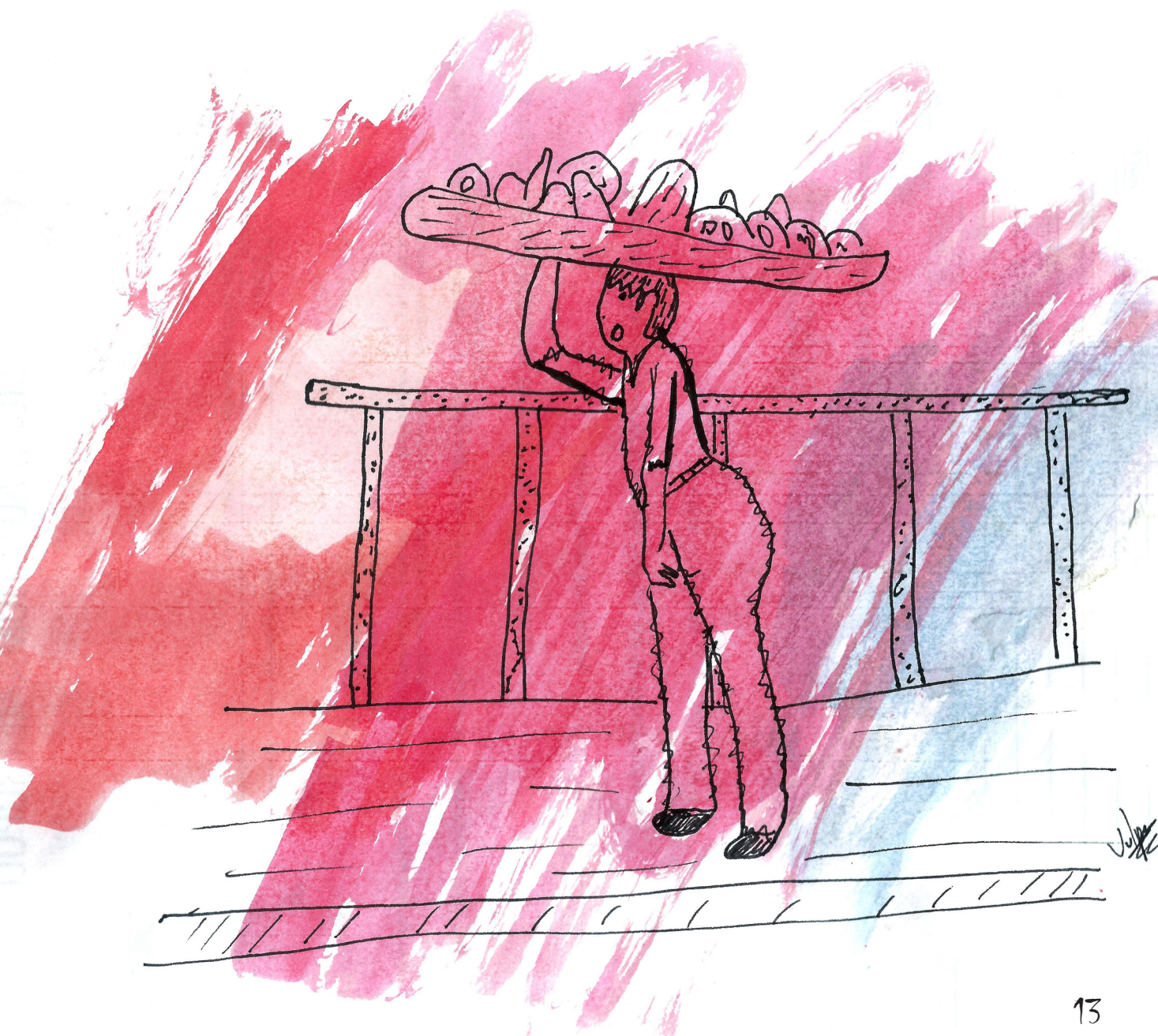
The look downed dialy of the tree to the extinct lives of the ants, that the chickens taken. This chickens rest their nartural born killer instinct when they hatched their eggs. This cruelty was appeased in my eyes because my ignorance of belive thar all the animals were my friends: the birds when singing for my exclusive happiness or delight, and the dos when they hydrated my dry hand, after caress them.

I lied to me, when I love them alike, like insuperables creatures to any creation imagine by the man: airplanes, trains and rockets. All of them were ridiculous if I compared them with the perfec shriek of the newborn mouse. What a silly thought! The breathe of a animal means the perfec coexistence with their peers.

My house was in a town and I will everything that I'm now for walk in his dirt and stoned roads. Feel his beautiful guts of wind, when it dirties my face and teeth. Listen the thousands of trades announced with sweat out in the streets: turners, tortilla makers, blacksmiths, and other things like carts, horses and mules.

The sounds were for caress my hearing, when they said -without whispers- "I love you" with their phrases: bread!, warm tamales!, Knives are sharpened! Water!...

Only the silent treasures my tears, because in the silence residents my happiness memory. this motivates me to write: talk about my friendship with him. It's a history of adventures, laughs, fancy dresses, animals and the terrible death which never forgive.



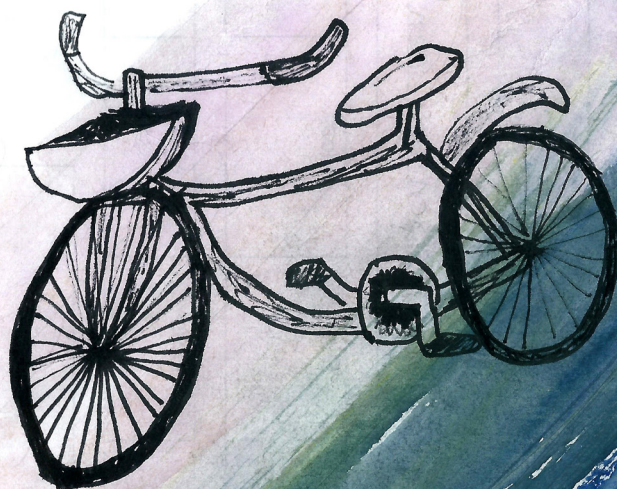


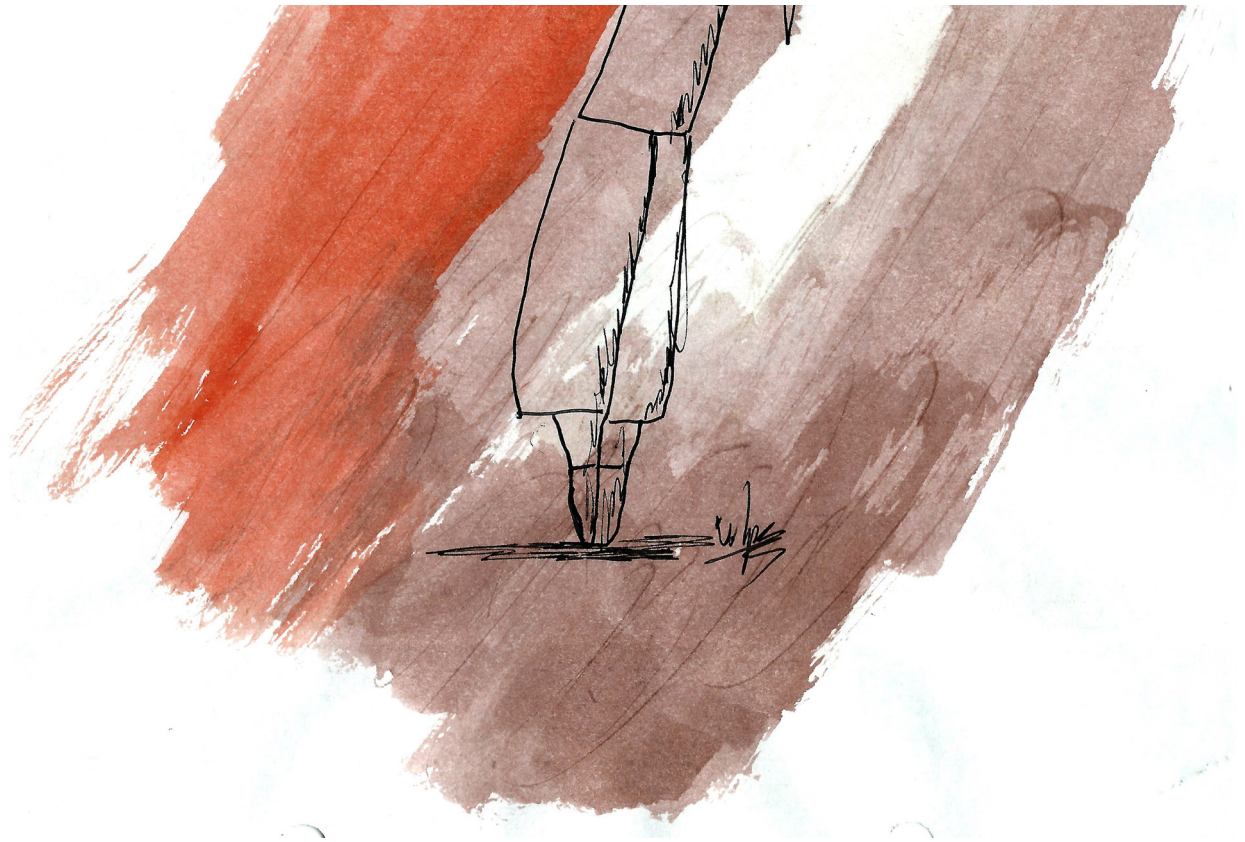
I have had many faces.
But this was the only
one that I had when I was
a child...

My love was the bycicle
and nobody defeatme in it.

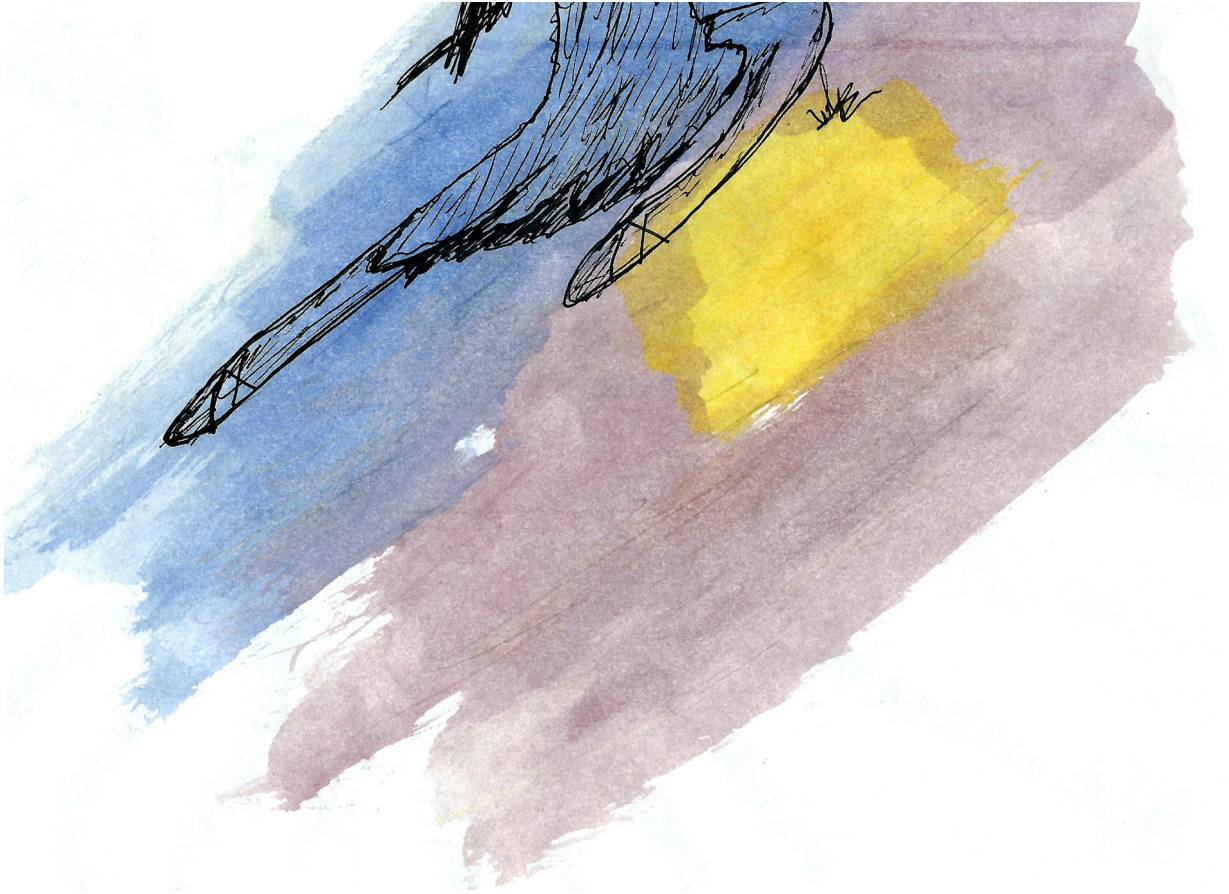
The kids bowed to the will of my legs, and
the envies ate the disrt when I ride. All the roads
were mine; not even the rocks, the rain, and the
heat stops me.

I loved go to everywhere without any thought
about the consecuenses of my parent´s punish-
ment. The danger: the pleasure in the pedal.





My being resided in the dance of my body.
I deserve be a dancer; I could stretch me and
turn. Do tips for the sky of a dream so close that
I imagined a proscenium of a theater and admi-
red by a world of endless applause.



The boys respected me, and the girls envied me. Nobody could stop me. Only my mistakes hurt me: falls, scrapes, blood and pus. The live inself was dangerously funny.



During a game, my drop into the river. A terrible scream make me fall. He was a boy with a gorila mask. He would become in my best friend. He was deaf and had a taste by the grotesque: the guts and the death animals were the only thing that he had in his head.





We were poor. Neither of us had anything to brag about. Sometimes, hunger did not allow us to play. And anger was present.

He could not speak -only shout- and his silence was extremely expressive: he moved his hands or drew everything on the ground that his voice was not capable of pronouncing.

I spoke into his ear to have the same intimacy. No one knew or could imagine our conversations.



He loved fireflies. When his sister took him to meet them, he believed they were a miracle. The stars came down and illuminated her clothing and seemed to have the ability to be spun into a light suit. You will presume: if he was mute, how did he know all that? I don't remember... I saw his children as pistachios, and in my mind I already knew what he thought



But he never loved dull animals. If he could, he would lift stones for them. I have already said that he liked to see them dead, because he needed to see what they had inside. I didn't like that; I was scared and disgusted.

Not everything was bad. He had a fondness for making masks and costumes. It didn't matter if it was carnival or not. He always had crazy ideas in his head to scare children away.

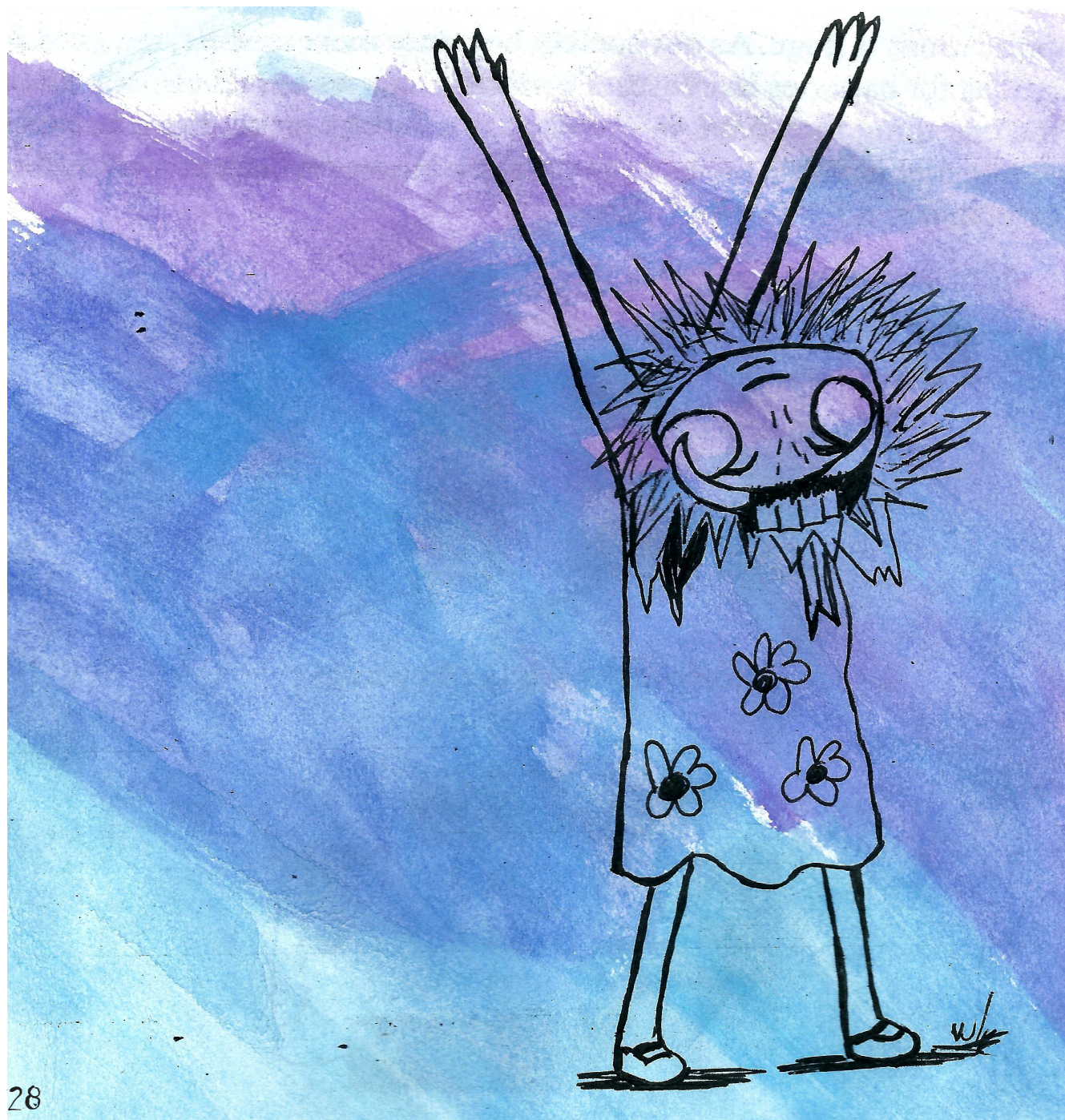


His name was Ricardo and when he disguised himself it was difficult to recognize the tender boy that he was. He became: monster, witch or devil, to torment the men, women and children of the town.

We collected trash as materials for his malevolent purposes, and he gets excited at new discoveries of his dirty hobbies.



We were friends and I acted as an accessory to his wildest adventures. We scared ladies and cats. We modified the planet and left it marked with our false teeth.



We destroy everything! Because we felt blows from some hidden of our shortcomings.

We take as our insignia the two animals that chase and kill each other in the mountains, but as dependence on each other; I wore the rabbit and he the fox.

When Ricardo died, all the foxes became him...







If you ever rose a petal on your lips, you will know how to love a stranger. You don't need permits, money, power or a job...

There I thought that the only thing necessary to love was to allow yourself to show your heart and be admired by another.

His death was so sudden. One day I looked for him and his mother told me that he had passed away.

Nobody explained to me how. I ran out and threw stones in the river where I met him. Maybe he would come out at any moment and freak me out, like always.

I returned home at night and took a bull's head that he made for me out of cardboard. I ran down the street and yelled his name. Everyone in town heard: **Ricardo! Ricardo! Ricardo! Ricardo! Ricardo! Ricardo! Ricardo! Ricardo! Ricardo! Ricardo! Ricardo! Ricardo! Ricardo! Ricardo! Ricardo! Ricardo!**

Nobody answered. I was just crazy to them.







Defeated I walked home, and a fox bit an animal behind a bush. I met Ricardo in an unexpected way. I was afraid that he would answer me, if I asked him: Why did you leave? You didn't tell me anything! You left me here, in the midst of hunger and poverty.

I hesitated to approach that smelly animal. However, I was wondering if in his eyes I could see the soul of my friend. I did not see anything. It was a simple animal.

He got up on two legs and smelled my hand. A chill ran through my body. I asked him about my friend. His silence told me everything. I understood that he was fine and I was suffering.

I didn't know what to think. Possibly he should do something, but a crazy girl like me ... could do nothing to bring him back to life.





I put my hands on my face and heard a voice asking me the reason for my crying. I would have been scared to see it ... but I didn't open my eyes. I replied with indifference and rejection. The insistence made me look, then I watched terrified a skeleton emerge from the ground.

Little by little it took more shape, and the flesh was embedded in his skull, humerus and warm. The deformity hugged me. I did not run away from the place, because I recognized his embrace ...

“I made a wish. Scare you for the last time,” said the voice of a cynical Ricardo, who for the first time heard words articulate. “It’s the worst wish in the world,” I replied. And immediately he replied: “Not for me. This is the only thing that matters.”



“You are my rabbit! I will chase you wherever you go. Lero, lero ... yuju, yuju, hahaha !!”
I wanted him to take it seriously. And, as if he were reading my mind, he said:



Nothing can be serious, if you are dead!!!

A fierce laugh came out of his mouth. At that moment, I hugged him and made a wish -if he could, me too-.

Suddenly he became a boy he knew. “I made a wish: revive you,” I whispered, “Silly! I relive every time I am reminded. You don’t know anything. I love you, bunny. I must go, because there is a lot of work to do. Thank you for sharing a few years of your time with me. give you something, but you should have taken it by now.”



The End